

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

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Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor, All others to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

Selections.

Webster and Slavery.

From the New York Tribune.

We speak of the "times that tried men's souls" in the past tense when the present would be quite as proper. Those times are not all by-gone; they are here now. Men are tried by them daily, and some are found wanting.

At such a crisis as the present, there is no self-light but that of principle. He who tries to be guided by any other, will err in the fruitless, vague, or land himself and his followers in the ditch. Expediency may dictate the steps to be taken, but it must be principle that determines the end. From that end no man can securely swerve.

He is a true statesman who gathers wisdom from an intimate rapport with the People, and who, if sometimes apparently before the age, is never behind it. By the People we do not mean the leading residents of cities, merchants and money-lenders; their business is to buy and sell and care for the interests of trade and for profits on stocks and bonds; we mean the People who are scattered over the wide expanse of the country, who till the land and make the work-shop vocal, whose good sense is both just and generous, whose faith in Freedom, Humanity and Progress is unextinguished and living, and not counted in dollars and cents.

It takes courage to face an enemy in battle; it takes more courage greatly to confront a great emergency in politics. Then ordinary considerations are worthless. The traveler in a straight and narrow path must not be afraid of shadows; the leader in a political struggle like that now passing will best consult his own reputation and prospects by taking counsel of neither prospect nor reputation. He that would gain his life must lose it, says the inspired record.

We do not criticize the manner of Mr. Webster's speech; we do not find fault with its details; all that is of minor consequence. It is its substance that we pronounce unequal to the occasion and unworthy of its author.

It does not do all that Slavery has been beseeching of Mr. Webster. It does not profess to offer \$25,000, nor any minor compromise between Slavery Extension and Freedom; but it offers one, notwithstanding. It takes the ground of Senator Burt, of Tennessee. It proposes, not directly but indirectly, to balance California with a new Slave State taken from Texas, and to abandon the Proviso for the Territories.

Mr. Webster says the Proviso is useless and nugatory, because nature has excluded Slavery from California and New Mexico. How has she excluded it? By climate and soil, he will say. This has been said before often enough, and is none the truer for being said again. Have these advocates for natural exclusion never heard of Russia?

In that country there are fifty millions of slaves distributed through every variety of climate and soil from that of North Carolina to that of Greenland. Have they never heard of Maryland nor Kentucky, States which raise neither cotton, nor rice, nor sugar, and yet employ slaves? It is absurd to say that Slavery knows any limitations of climate, or soil, or occupation. It goes wherever it can be made profitable. If the law guaranteed slave property in California, can any man who knows enough to count four balls to see that thousands of slaves would in two months be digging gold there? Beside, Slavery is not a mere industrial institution in this country, and does not depend for its existence upon its profits alone. It is a great political machine, whereby the majority in the Republic is adhered to with such fatal persistence. That is why in Kentucky, for example, it resists every consideration which interest and sound reason urge for its removal. It is not profitable there, but it remains notwithstanding. So it would have got into California, had it dared go there; so it will now occupy New Mexico, unless it is restrained.

Mr. Webster thinks the Proviso is originally of God's enacting, and therefore will not reaffirm it. This is a new principle of legislation as well as a new point of rhetoric. Hitherto it has been thought necessary for human laws to follow another course. The law of God is freedom, and yet by constitutions and statutes we establish and guarantee freedom. But does Mr. Webster mean to have us understand that God designs some portions of the earth for Slavery and some for Liberty? Does he interpret any part of the divine will as ordaining any climate, any soil, any locality, for the woes and inhumanities of bondage? If God has specially enacted that they shall not exist in New Mexico, there must be some places for which he has made a different enactment. But this whole argument is purely. Mr. Foote might have used it with

propriety, but not so the man, who speaks for Massachusetts.

The time was when Mr. Webster saw the Wilmot Proviso in another aspect. We do not object to his changing his sentiments, but cannot find his reasons sufficient to convert us also.

The position that Northern States and their Citizens are morally bound to receive fugitive Slaves may be good for a lawyer, but is not good for a Man. The provision is on the face of the Constitution. True, but that does not make it the duty of Mr. Webster nor any other human being, when a pausing fugitive presents himself at his door begging for shelter and the means of escape, to arrest and bind him and hand him over to the pursuers who are hot upon his trail. In this the Constitution does not recant the will of God, but the will of Satan, and so is nugatory among freemen, though you enforce it with all possible statutes and penalties. When the public sentiment gets ahead of a law, that law loses all efficiency. Pass a law here in New-York that a man who steals a sheep shall be hanged, and does Mr. Webster suppose he could find a judge or a jury to execute it? Just so with the provision for the return of fugitive Slaves. It remains in force nominally and legally if you will, but morally it is abolished in the Free States, has long been so, and so ever will be. Public sentiment is ahead of it and cannot be dogged back again. We cannot be converted into Slave-catchers, nor can Slave-catchers operate freely among us. Every day diminishes the usefulness they may once have had to their employers. If Mr. Webster supposes that which legal morality can overcome that which God puts into the heart of every genuine freeman, he is much mistaken.

We have read this speech not without regret. The opportunity was and is yet a great one for a man endowed with a great mind, a great heart and courage up with the times. There was and is an opportunity for a man who should come not with a new compromise, for this is not the day of compromises, but with a calm, comprehensive and unimpeachable assertion of the principles and policy of freedom, with an utterance of what is in the heart of the People. We should rejoice had Mr. Webster taken hold of this opportunity. But he has not, and opportunities, when rejected, seldom present themselves a second time.

But the Union! Preserve the Union! Will you agree to no compromise for the sake of the Union? shout in loud chorus all those whose sympathies are strong with Slavery as well as a frightened few who love Freedom. No, we agree to no compromise; none is necessary; none is practicable. We agree to no compromise that perils or looks toward periling Freedom in New Mexico. And as for the Union we say that it is in no danger. . . .

Mr. Calhoun's Speech.

It is Moliere, if we mistake not, who gives us a good, easy man electrified and rather elated by the information that he has been talking prose all his life without knowing it. We think the mass of our Northern People will be equally astounded by Mr. Calhoun's avowal that they have for fifty years been plotting and laboring for the downfall of Slavery.

Certainly, whoever has been familiar with Northern sentiment and impulses through the last quarter of a century must know that the predominant anxiety and effort in this section has meditated any thing rather than the overthrow of Southern institutions. We have had mobs after mobs to egg, flog, flog, keel-haul, silence and murder speakers and writers against Slavery, while no single champion of Slavery has ever been mobbed or silenced throughout the Free States, however intemperate his denunciations or insupportable his abuse. Our Governors have often denounced Abolition agitators, seldom the counter-agitators. Anti-Slavery halls and presses have been burnt and torn to pieces in Free States, while no person or hall employed to oppose Abolition has ever been molested. Our legal and mercantile respectabilities have held meetings after meetings to preserve the Union by "double-damning" the "smooth Quaker rascals" who don't admire Slavery; our politicians of note have almost uniformly lifted up the heel against Abolition. In no Presidential Convention of the sham Democracy has the Southern influence ever been balked of its demands, however unreasonable; in no Whig Convention but one was a majority of the Southern Delegates ever overruled. By Northern votes in Congress has the Right of Petition been struck down; the Public Mails almost given over to the prying scrutiny of pro-Slavery jealousy; by Northern votes a Northern Representative ejected from Congress for presenting a respectful anti-slavery petition, while another, though an illustrious ex-President, barely escaped the same fate. Northern power has united in buying and Northern money in paying for Louisiana, and then Florida; Northern votes (New-York contributing two of them) annexed Texas and thus brought on War with Mexico, which cost the country Ten Thousand Lives and Sixty Million Dollars—and Mr. Calhoun has told us officially that the chief end of that Annexation was the facilitation of Slavery. The South has had nearly all the Presidents, and at all times a majority of the Federal officers. Here have been the predominant majority of the Northern People, doing all they could for their friends, customers and party comrades of the South for thirty or forty years; and at last Mr. Calhoun tells them that all this is nothing or worse—that the North has been all the time undermining or overthrowing Slavery—and that, unless we turn over an entirely new leaf, and actually alter the Federal Constitution so as to give the Six Millions of Free Persons in the Slave States at least equal power with Fourteen Millions of like people in Free States, the Union must go to wreck!—N. Y. Tribune.

Massachusetts Free Soil Convention.

Boston, March 2nd, 1850.

THE Free Soil Convention, of which I told you in my last letter, came off in Faneuil Hall, last Wednesday. It was, on the whole, a successful affair. That is, it did all that it proposed doing in a Meeting very respectable for numbers, addressed by speakers of acknowledged ability. It was a proof that there is a strong spice of Anti-Slavery feeling qualifying the mind of the people of Massachusetts, which may yet spread so as to give it a savor of life into life. The Convention was very well attended in the morning, and most of the Notabilities of the party were on the ground. Mr. Palfrey accepted the Chair, which was very Christianly of him after the firm and determined manner in which his friends have left him alone in his District, and made a very good speech on taking it. After he was done, through some negligence in the Pre-arrangement of the Spontaneity of the Occasion, there was a fearful hiatus, a yawning gulf, into which no one but Mrs. Abigail Folsom was Curtains enough to plunge. She proposed to add an equal number of women to the Officers of the Meeting, which left to the ground for the lack of a Second, and afterwards took the platform with her hands full of ammunition sufficient to have enabled her to fire into the ranks of her enemies for the rest of the week. She was, however, removed from the platform and not suffered to take it again, in a manner which showed that it is not the Massachusetts A. S. Society alone that is the enemy of Free Speech. "The paws of Wendell Phillips," of which she once complained, are not the only ones that interpose between her and the ear of the People.

Our old friend, Nathaniel H. Whiting, of Marshfield, offered a series of resolutions proposing to commit the party to some action for making the soil of Massachusetts free from the pursuit of the Slave-hunter, and a refuge for the oppressed black American as well as for the white European. He supported his proposition in a short speech marked by that clearness of reasoning and transparent accuracy of language which used to delight us in the days when he was one of the leaders of our best. His reasoning was clear and demonstrative, proceeding from the premises he chose of the natural right of escape on the one hand and the civil duty of protection on the other; but then there came along behind it that swart, green, brave, the Constitution, and smote it under the fifth rib with one of the Compromises with which it goes armed, so that it gave up the ghost. The principal men of the Convention looked very grave upon this extrinsic interpolation, and it was forthwith committed to the silent tomb of the Committee on Resolutions, where it lay without the hope of a joyful Resurrection. I see that the Official Report does not give Mr. Whiting's Resolutions, and only says that he "made a brief address full of sentiments of Liberty and Humanity." Of course, the Free Soil party, standing on the Constitution and content to abide by its Compromises, has no business to pass such kind of resolutions. But, then, their introduction serves to show how hopeless and inefficient it must needs be while it plants itself on that quicksand, and should warn it to get upon solid ground as soon as possible.

It was very observable that all the patriotic allusions to the Union and Constitution, with which some of the speeches were garnished, fell as flat as flounders, and as dead as Julius Caesar, on the ear of the Meeting, while the only things that brought down the House were assertions of the duty of standing by the Right, whatever might be the consequence. Mr. Park, in particular, had two or three well devised clap-nets, baited with the rotten cheese of Constitutional allegiance, but he caught no small deer, at all, at all. I see that the Republican report parenthetically ("cheers") after a declaration of his to the effect that if he had any Dissolution Blood in his veins he would drain it all out, but the ears of the Reporter must have been much better than mine, or those of the people about me, if any were given. It seemed to us that the distressing possibility of this patriotic deception was received by the audience with the most heartless and cold-blooded indifference.

The impression made on my mind by the Whigs lost all their officers in the Free Soil Agency; and, secondly, that the rank & file of the Free-soilers are in advance of their leaders and ready for more decided action than any they are urged to take.—N. Y. Standard.

Henry Clay on Kidnapping.

Oh, for the powers of Punch! Did we possess them, they should be exerted in linking the benevolent face of Henry Clay to the neck and shoulders of a furious bloodhound. He should be in full chase in pursuit of a paunting fugitive—perhaps a woman, flying from the embrace of a brutal master. His lofty brow would look well over the breast of a bloodhound! And his neck, too, should be adorned with a collar labelled with his own motto, traced in letters of blood—"In pursuit of fugitive slaves, I will go as far as the farthest."

In no man living is there more completely combined, or more strikingly exhibited, the dignity of human intellect with the savage brutality of a beast of prey, than is to be found in the character of this distinguished senatorial kidnapper. He talks as coolly of his right to land down, bind, and fetter his brother man, and to drag him back to the internal prison-house, as though his victim were a wolf or a bear. Such a being appears to us, only in the light of a moral monster.—N. Y. North Star.

The National Intelligencer has lately published six or seven columns of extracts from the Southern press, all denouncing the movements of the Congressional disunion-

From the Louisville Journal.

The Coral.

Low beneath the waves of ocean,
Up the coral toilet slow,
Heeding not the wild commotion
Of its ceaseless ebb and flow;
Through the weary lapse of ages,
Yieldeth never to despair,
Though the watery demon rages,
Twixt it and the realms of air.

Now above the deep appearing,
Slow, majestic its head,
Greeteth it the sunlight cheering,
O'er it dew of heaven are shed;
And the subject waves are bringing,
With a blind, submissive toil,
Earthy mould, that, closely clinging,
Turns the coral reef to soil.

And it riseth high and higher,
By the earthquake's hidden throes,
Still to heaven approaching higher
From its watery gulf below;
Till, at last, a verdant island,
Standeth in its beauty there,
Where, from valley and from highland,
Goeth up the voice of prayer.

Low beneath the sea of Error
Up the truth is toiling slow,
Heeding not his waves of terror,
Darkly surging to and fro;
Through the lapse of ages weary
Yieldeth never to despair,
Though a darkness thick and dreary
Shuteth out the upper air.

Now above the false appearing,
Slow its calm and radiant head,
Moral night is disappearing
Where its holy light is shed;
And the wrongs of former eras,
Vanquished by its heavenly might,
Bring, transformed, their old chimera,
Handmaids, now, of truth and right.

And it riseth high and higher,
With each stride of liberty,
Still to heaven ascending higher,
Heaven, its summit's destiny!
Till it stands a mountain hoary,
Resting on foundations broad,
Over which a path of glory
Leadeth earnest souls to God.

From The Liberator.

Anti-Slavery in Delaware.

WILMINGTON, (Del.) 3d mo, 1st, 1850.

On 2d month 22d, the annual meeting of the Delaware Anti-Slavery Society was held here. Dr. Elder, J. Miller McKim and Lucretia Mott had been invited, and gave their attendance. The consent of two-thirds of the City Council had been procured for the use of the City Hall for the meeting at 3 P. M. The Mayor and the rest of the City Council being very pro-slavery in their views, endeavored to create an impression, that if the meeting was permitted to take place, dissolution resolutions would be presented and adopted, in which case the city would be in danger from a mob. One hour previous to the time the meeting was advertised to commence, our worthy Mayor called the Council together, in order to avert the threatened danger; and they magnanimously passed a unanimous vote to shut the Hall against us.

We met on the steps of the City Hall, and adjourned the meeting to the Temperance Hall, where we had a large intelligent audience. After reading our annual report, the meeting was addressed for nearly two hours by Dr. Elder in his happiest strain. He asked the audience where the mob was that was to disturb our meeting. He invited them to be brought forward on the floor, and he would promise to quell them without fire-arms or police officers. A more quiet, attentive audience I never witnessed. Our meeting was adjourned to the Central Buildings, to meet at half-past seven. The room was crowded. The interest was kept up till about 10 o'clock, and then adjourned to first day evening. The last meeting was addressed by our friend Lucretia Mott, and some others. On the whole, I think we abolitionists have cause to rejoice that we were expelled from the Hall after we had the sympathy of the people with us, much more so than would have been the case had we been permitted to occupy the Hall as advertised, undisturbed.

In our town, there are four schools exclusively for colored children. Two of them have been kept up by donations and contributions almost exclusively from Friends. Near Dover, there is a school for colored children kept open three or four months in the year. In no other part of our State have they any opportunity of acquiring school learning. Notwithstanding this, our laws are much more severe on the colored than on white persons for the same offence. I have known a colored person charged with stealing a ham that could not pay two-fold its value, and costs of prosecution, sold as a servant for seven years; and in some instances it has been done to a father or mother of a family that have had several children. Many of our petty officers have no principle, and take up our colored people under false pretences, without their having offended in any way, just for the sake of the paltry fees allowed in such cases. I am sick of such cruelty and injustice, but still hope for better days. I think there is a good time coming, if our faith fail not. TIO'S GARRETT.

Hon. Richard W. Thompson of Indiana, (Member in last House) has been nominated to be Charge d'Affaires to Austria, vice Col. James Watson Webb, rejected.

Compromise.

If there were a Saint Compromise, it would be his image that ought to be stamped upon the coins of our Republic. Our very existence as a Nation at all is due, we are told, to a Compromise, and one of a somewhat ignominious sort, not between God and Satan, but between Trade and Slavery. So that Satan and Mammon were represented at the formation of the compact, but not God. Since the sticking together of the Union, this patron Saint Compromise has intervened on several occasions to preserve the work of his clients. * * * Slavery, being an acknowledged evil, the very permission to exist was at first a concession and a surrender. This was called a Compromise. Then Slavery desired to extend itself, and treachery allowed it. This was called a Compromise. Again the monster felt the pains of hunger, and Texas was thrown to it. This was called a Compromise. Now, officers have thriven so well, that Freedom sits, an outcast and a beggar, at the gates of her own ancestral dwelling. And this is also called a Compromise. Better strangle at once that "bird of our Country" of which our orators are so fond of talking, than let her go, hatching the eggs of all manner of unclean birds.

It is hardly a year since the Northern Whig presses were vying with each other in their zeal for the Wilmot Proviso. The Universal Whig Dough of the Country, fermenting with the yeast of an expected victory, forgot for a moment that it was dough. Nothing was too bad for that sour and heavy Democratic batch which would not rise. Even that aspiring dough is flat and lifeless. Now General Taylor was in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, and Northern Whigs were seduced to vote for him upon that pretence. Let a man clean his neighbor out of a few hundred dollars and he goes to the State Prison. But to what Penitentiary of public contempt shall a Party be consigned, which obtains a President under false pretences? When the eye of the People becomes clairvoyant, it will behold, we fancy, certain unconscious gentlemen working in Congressional Committees, clad in syndical suits of blue and red, and peculiarly halved, such as are the uniform in some other public institutions.

The Wilmot Proviso was truly a Compromise. It allowed the South to keep all it had hitherto unjustly gained, but declared that it should steal no more. Our Statesmanship, which has brought itself more and more into accordance with that of Europe, was desirous of reproducing an American type of that greatest of Old-World humbugs, the Balance of Power. Accordingly we are now told that the beam must be kept exactly even between the Free and the Slave States, in other words, that when we make a great hole for our great cat to go through, we must also make a still greater for the little cat not yet littered.

All history is the record of a struggle, gradually lightening in fierceness, between reason and unreason, between right and wrong. Of what good is it that we can put off the evil time a century, which is but a day in the history of the human race? Our statutes are subject to revision in that higher Congress where the laws of Nature are enacted. "Trent shall not wind him with so deep indent," exclaim our Glendovers. "He must, he will, you see he doth," answers the progress of events. This very neutral ground of Compromise is that which is trampled at last by the contending forces of the good and evil principle. Our legislators might as well try to stay Niagara with a dip net, or pass acts against the laws of gravitation, as endeavor to stunt the growth of avenging Conscience. Do they think that the Union can be stuck together with mouth-glue, when the eternal forces are rending it asunder? There is something better than Expediency, and that is Wisdom; something stronger than Compromise, and that is Justice.—J. R. L.—N. Y. A. S. Standard.

BLINDNESS INDUCED BY SLAVERY.—Of the innumerable evils to which the inhuman system of slavery has given birth, one of the least is not the moral confusion which it has wrought in minds otherwise acute and comprehensive. Of clergymen, statesmen and politicians, scarcely one in a thousand utters himself coherently on the subject of American slavery. We emphasize American, because there is no such insanity exhibited when foreign tyranny is the topic of discussion or the subject of declamation; then all is clear as sunlight, and palpable as a mountain. But as soon as the great, overshadowing sin of the land in which we dwell is summoned to judgment, then the "wise and prudent," the time-serving and aspiring, all who dread the cross, but have no objection to wearing the crown, are utterly incapacitated to perceive its enormity, except in the abstract, (where it is impalpable), though they sometimes acknowledge it to be an evil, the existence of which is to be regretted. But, on peril of guilt cast in any direction! They who are the most deeply involved in the sin—who are "rolling it as a sweet morsel under their tongues"—and who are ready to sacrifice every thing holy and true to perpetuate and extend it—must not be accused of any criminal intent or practice, but only alluded to as very unfortunate, and greatly to be pitied.—Thus a judicial blindness infects all classes—the mighty man, and the man of war, the judge, and the prophet, and the prudent, and the ancient, the captain of fifty, and the honorable man, and the counsellor, and the cunning artificer, and the eloquent orator.—The Liberator.

GOLD FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS.—Of 541 remittances of money from California, made during the last three months, through the Banking house of Willis & Co., Boston, 267 were in favor of women who have husbands or sons in that country.

Colorphobia in England.

The London Inquirer tells the following tale:

Last week, a man named Stowfort was placed at the bar of the Liverpool Police Court, on the complaint of Mr. Parkinson, publican. On Sunday evening there were a number of captains and mates of American vessels in his house, and in a back room there was a black man sitting quietly with his friends. The prisoner intimated to some of the mates and others around him that there was a black man in the house. Several parties (Americans) went into the room, and the black man was ejected with some little violence. A general fight and squabble then took place, and glasses and jugs were thrown about. One of the glasses was "fired" at Mr. Parkinson, and wounded him on the head, so that he came into court with a bandage round it. The black man being called, said his name was Brown, and that he made a living by exhibiting wax-work figures. The prisoner, on entering the room in which he (witness) sat, cried out to him, "Come out of this; we will have no negroes here." Mr. Rushton said the disturbance arose from the prejudice entertained in the United States against the blacks. Because a man with a colored skin was in an adjoining room he was to be ejected and maltreated, and a riot created. Such conduct would not be tolerated in England, and he should fine the accused £5, or 42 days imprisonment.

THE TABLES TURNED.—Some months since, at a convivial meeting of legal gentlemen, in a county where one or more colored persons have been admitted to be members of the bar, one of the latter was present, and joined in the mirth and hilarity of the evening with the same spirit as his paler brethren. As the evening advanced some of the party became somewhat elated, having partaken rather freely of sparkling lock and champagne, and proposed that the member from Africa should favor them with a speech. The cry for a speech from the "member from Africa" rang through the hall, and after the noise had subsided the person referred to arose and said:

"I rise, gentlemen, to move the passage of a resolution, and I have no doubt that all present—knowing as I do their many private virtues, and their honorable and high-minded course thus far through life—I say I have no doubt that all present will cordially assent to the sentiments embraced in the resolution, which is as follows:

"Resolved, unanimously, as the sense of this meeting, that there are among us blackguards and black-legs, as well as black-men."

The mover sat down amid deafening applause. It is needless to add that some of the pale faces suddenly changed color, and some of them felt themselves done brown.

SUSPICION OF KIDNAPPING.—Wm. Lambden, master and owner of the schr. General Jackson, of Wilmington, Del., was brought before the Mayor yesterday on his warrant, under the following circumstances. He sailed from Philadelphia on the 5th ult. with a crew consisting of three colored men, named George Thomas, Stephen Anderson, and John Marothey, who had shipped at Philadelphia for the purpose of coming down the Chesapeake for a load of sweet potatoes, or oysters, and to return in three weeks; the men were to have equal share of the profits. The schr. put in here on Tuesday evening, and yesterday morning the Captain offered to sell the colored men to officers Cox and Cherry for the sum of \$500, stating that he was only half-owner of the negroes, but was authorized to give a full bill of sale. He afterwards stated to one of them that it was a "kidnapping concern," but he could nevertheless secure the purchaser from damage. Upon this information the Mayor committed Lambden and the three men to jail for further examination.—N. York Herald, Mar. 7.

INTERNAL BARBARIETY.—Between 20 and 30 human beings, about 2 o'clock yesterday morning, broke into a small dwelling in Thirty-ninth street, near Tenth-avenue, occupied by a laborer named John Rock, together with his wife and niece, and proceeded to the bed-room of Mr. Rock, dragged him out of bed, beat him severely and bound him with ropes, after which they put out the lights and drew Mrs. Rock out of bed, beat her severely, and violated her person, leaving her nearly dead. They then proceeded to the room of Miss Rock, the niece, and served her in the same barbarous manner. In the morning Rock disengaged himself from the ropes and went for a physician, who found the females in a shocking condition, and so dreadfully injured that he considers their recovery very doubtful. The niece is so horribly bruised that her face, arms and other parts of her person present a dreadful spectacle of barbarity.—N. Y. Tribune.

MANLY WORDS.—Charles Sumner, in his letter to the Massachusetts Freesoil Convention, uses this manly language:

"Strongly attached as I am to the Union, I would not sacrifice one jot or tittle of our principles to its conservation. The Union is precious; but Freedom, Humanity, Religion, are more precious still. It were poor indeed to save the Union by a damning blot upon the national conscience, which no time could efface."

COST OF THE WAR ESTABLISHMENT.—The Tribune says the money in the army expenditure for 1842, up to July, would weigh over 717 tons if piled up in Spanish dollars and would load 718 horse wagons with 2000 lbs. each of solid silver coin. These dollars would reach from the Potomac to the St. Lawrence. If they were tipped into these streams, the country would derive quite as much good from them.

A patent has been issued for an entirely new and very important invention, the Electro-Thermic Telegraph. It is an application of heat to telegraphing.

*Slavery Excluded by Nature from California
and New Mexico.*

Reclamation of Slaves.

The Anti-Slavery Agitation.

Colonization.

Not likely to change his Opinions.

The Peroration.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

Salem, Ohio, March 23, 1849.

Speech of Daniel Webster.

CINCINNATI, March 7, 1850.

Portage A. S. Society.

The same readiness to hear, the same urgent demand for laborers, exists also in Ohio. How important, at such a crisis, that Abolitionists should be sensible of their responsibilities!

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

From the Centreville (Ind.) True Democrat.
The Convention of Congregational Friends.

This Convention, held at Greensboro, Henry County, Indiana, the 16th and 17th inst., was attended by hundreds of persons, and excited an impressive interest. An interesting letter was read, addressed to the Convention by Richard B. Glazier, of Michigan. The incident season of the year did not prevent the attendance of many from a distance; one aged man, more than eighty-two years old, walked over thirty miles to be present. Some of a Committee from the Green Plain Yearly Meeting were also in attendance, among them Jesse Holmes, Joseph A. Dugdale, and their wives. The subject of religious organization was discussed at length, and the attention was confined to increase until the large Liberty Hall would not seat the listening and attentive audience. The Business Committee of ten men and women, Seth Hinshaw, Pleasant Johnson, Hannah Smith, &c., reported the following, which was adopted, to wit:

"The religion that it was the mission of Jesus to publish to the world is a religion designed to renovate the universal family of man. The Infinite and Eternal Father regards each individual, from the monarch on his throne, to the peasant in his humble cot; from the martyr at the stake, to him covered over with the blood and mire of pollution, with parental solicitude, and years over with his love, his deep compassion and unimpaired compassion. Those, then, that are baptized into his name, and assimilated to his attributes, will ever feel bound to labor for the removal of all evil, every barrier to the universal brotherhood of the race, the entire redemption of humanity, and their perfect assimilation to the divine character.

War, with all its concomitant calamities; slavery, with all its manifold enormities; intemperance, with its debasing and withering influences, will enlist all the sympathies of those, and melt away before the warming, renovating beams of the Sun of Righteousness. The monopoly of land in the hands of the few will be regulated by the mind thus enlightened, and the elevation of woman to a sphere of perfect and entire equality with the other sex will call forth the earnest solicitude of every mind upon which the light divine has beamed, and the obliteration of sect and prejudice has been dissipated.

Feeling thus, and being desirous for our own advancement, and for the universal promulgation of the golden principles of *Eternal Truth*, as revealed in the *Unadorned Soul*, we hereby cordially endorse the following basis of association, adopted by Green Plain Yearly Meeting of Congregational Friends, viz:

"Believing the *Religious Sentiment* is deeply laid in man's nature; that it is essential to his true interest to bow in allegiance to the Divine Laws of God, written in our being, and that in the worship intelligently performed by rational creatures, man should never concede to any combination or order of men his individual freedom; but recognizing the Infinite Source and Center of all mind as Sovereign Lord—we now associate in the capacity of an Annual Meeting, which shall be advisory in its character, and designed to aid us more effectually in carrying forward the testimonies of the Gospel, which legitimately result from a communication with the Source of all Good, and in their nature *unconquerable* are designed to make man the friend of man, and give right direction to the noble faculties with which we are endowed."

The Committee would further recommend that the Association of Congregational Friends thus formed hold a Semi-Annual Meeting, alternately at Greensboro, Henry Co., and Dublin, Wayne Co., Indiana; and that the next meeting be held at Dublin, the 4th and 5th of September of the 18th mo. (June) and at Greensboro the 4th and 5th of September of the 19th mo. (June) 1850, and thereafter upon the days and at the place agreed upon, until otherwise arranged.

Any Meetings or Conventions, recognized by this Association, will be regarded as *Independent*, making their own arrangements in all local concerns, but in no wise subordinate to larger meetings, which are *advisory* in their character.

ISAAC KINLEY, Clerk.
M. L. HOLMES, Secy.

A PENNY LAW.—Virginia is famous for many things, but in nothing more than in laws, if the following be a specimen. A Washington correspondent of the Columbus Standard, deserves credit for bringing it to the light of day. He copies it from "Hemming's Statutes at Large," and prefixes it thus:

"At a Grand Assembly, held at James' City, in the year 1661, were passed many acts 'to the glory of Almighty God, and the public good of this Majesty's colony of Virginia;' among which is

"ACT V.

"Women causing scandalous suits, to be ducked. Wherein, oftentimes many babbling women often scandalize their neighbors, for which their poor husbands are often brought into chargeable and vexatious suits and cast in great damages:

"Be it therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, That in actions of slander occasioned by the wife, as aforesaid, after judgment passed for the damages, the woman shall be punished by ducking; and if the slander be so enormous as to be adjudged at a greater damage than five hundred pounds of tobacco, then the woman to suffer ducking for each five hundred pounds of tobacco so adjudged against the husband, if he refuse to pay the tobacco."

THE FARMER'S CREED.—We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation. We believe in large crops, which leave the land better than they found it.

We believe in going to the bottom of things, and therefore in deep plowing. We believe that the best fertilizer of the soil is the spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence without this, lime, manure, plaster, bones, and green manure will be of little use.—N. Y. Ind.

ECONOMY.—It is hard for a man to manage his house by telling in his shop, while there is a kitchen in the kitchen. "What a small kitchen!" exclaimed Queen Elizabeth, after going through a London mansion. "It is by having so small a kitchen," replied the owner, "that I am enabled to keep so large a house."

Hay of the Change.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

It was house-cleaning time, and I had an old colored woman at work scrubbing and cleansing paint.

"Polly is going," said one of my domestics, as the twilight began to fall.

"Very well. Tell her that I shall want her to-morrow."

"I think she would like to have her money for to-day's work," said the girl.

"I took out my purse, and found that I had nothing in it less than a three dollar bill.

"How much does she have a day?"

"Six shillings."

"I haven't the change this evening. Tell her that I'll pay her for both days to-morrow."

The girl left the room, and I thought no more of Polly for an hour. Tea time had come and passed, when one of my domestics, who was rather communicative in her habits, said to me—

"I don't think Polly liked your not paying her this evening."

"She must be very unreasonable then," I said, without reflection. "I sent her word that I had no change. How did she expect that I could pay?"

"Some people are queer, you know," remarked the girl, who had made the communication more for the pleasure of telling it than anything else.

"I kept thinking over what the girl had said, until other suggestions came into my mind.

"I wish I had sent and got the bill changed," said I, as the idea that Polly might be ready in want of the money intruded itself.

"It would have been very little trouble," said the girl, who was the beginning of a new train of reflections, which did not make me very happy.

"To avoid a little trouble, I had sent the poor old woman away, after a hard day's work, without her money. That she stood in need of it was evident from the fact that she had asked for it.

"How very thoughtless in me," said I, as I dwell longer and longer on the subject.

"What's the matter?" inquired my husband, seeing me look so serious.

"Nothing to be very much troubled at," I replied.

"Yet you are troubled."

"I am, and cannot help it. You will perhaps smile at me, but small causes sometimes produce much pain. Old Polly has been at work all day, scrubbing and cleaning."

"And I, instead of taking the trouble to get the money for her, sent her word that I had not the change. There was nothing less than a three dollar bill in my purse. I didn't reflect that a poor old woman who has to go out to daily work, must need her money as soon as it is earned. I'm very sorry."

"My husband did not reply for some time. My words appeared to have made considerable impressions on his mind.

"Do you know where Polly lives?" he inquired at length.

"No; but I will ask the girl!" and immediately ringing the bell, I made inquiries as to where Polly lived; but no one in the house knew.

"I can't be helped now," said my husband in a tone of regret. "But I would be more thoughtful in future. The poor always have need of their money. Their daily labor rarely does more than supply their daily wants. I can never forget a circumstance that occurred when I was a boy. My mother was left a widow when I was but nine years old, and she was poor. It was by the labor of her hands that she obtained shelter and food for herself and three little ones. Once, I remember the occurrence as if it had taken place yesterday, we were out of money and food. At breakfast time our last morsel was eaten, and we went through the long day without a mouthful of bread. We all grew very hungry by night; but our mother encouraged us to be patient a little and a little while longer, until she finished the garment she was making, when she would take that and some other work home to a lady, who would pay her for the work. Then she said we would have a nice supper. At last the work was finished, and I went with my mother to help carry it home, for she was weak and sickly, and even a light burden fatigued her. The lady for whom she had made the garment was in good circumstances, and had no want of money to supply—When we came into her presence, she took the work, and after glancing at it carefully, said:

"It will do very well!"

"My mother lingered, perceiving which, the lady said rather rudely,

"You want your money, I suppose. How much does the work come to?"

"Two dollars," replied my mother. The lady took out her purse, and after looking through a small parcel of bills, said,

"I haven't the change this evening. Call over any time and you shall have it."

"And without giving my mother time more earnestly to urge her request, turned from us and left the room.

"I shall never forget the night that followed. My mother's feelings were sensitive and independent. She could not make known her want. An hour after our return home, she sat weeping with her children around her, when a neighbor came in, and learning our situation, supplied our present need."

"This relation did not make me feel any the more comfortable. Anxiously I awaited, on the next morning, the arrival of Polly. As soon as she came I sent for her, and handing her the money she had earned the day before, said:

"I'm sorry I hadn't the change for you last night, Polly. I hope you didn't want it very badly."

Polly hesitated a little, and then replied,

"Well, ma'am, I did want it very much, or I wouldn't have asked for it. My poor daughter Hetty is sick, and I wanted to get her something nice to eat."

"I'm very sorry," said I with sincere regret. "How is Hetty this morning?"

"She isn't so well, ma'am. And I feel very bad about her."

"Come up to me in half an hour, Polly," said I.

The old woman went down stairs. When she appeared again, according to my desire, I had a basket for her, in which were some wine, sugar, fruit and various little matters that I thought her daughter would relish, and told her to go at once and take them to the sick girl. Her expressions of gratitude touched my feelings deeply. Never since have I mislaid, under any pretence, to pay the poor their wages as soon as earned.

Bless God for Rain.

BY GEO. W. BUNGEY.

"Bless God for Rain," the good man said,

And wiped away a grateful tear—

That we may have our daily bread,

He drops a shower upon us here;

Our Father, Thou who dwellest in heaven,

We thank Thee for the pearly shower,

The blessed present Thou hast given

To man and beast and bird and flower.

The dusty earth, with lips apart,

Looked up where rolled an orb of flame,

As though a prayer came from its heart

For rain to come; and lo, it came!

The Indian corn with silken plume,

And flowers with tiny pitchers filled,

Send up their praise of sweet perfume,

For precious drops the clouds distilled.

The modest grass is fresh and green—

The brooklet swells its song again;

Methinks an angel wing is seen

In every cloud that brings us rain.

There is a rainbow in the sky,

Upon the arch where tempests trod;

God wrote it ere the world was dry—

It is the autograph of God.

Up where the heavy thunders rolled,

And clouds on fire were swept along,

The sun sheds in a car of gold,

And soaring larks dissolve in song.

The rills that gush from mountain rude,

Flow trickling to the verdant base—

Just like the tears of gratitude

That often stain a good man's face.

Great King of Peace, design now to bless;

The windows of the sky unbar;

Shower down the rain of righteousness,

And wash away the stain of War;

And let the radiant bow of Love

In beauty mark our mortal sky,

Like that fair sign unrolled above,

But not like it to fade and die.

Christian Citizen.

Parker's Estimate of Emerson.

Theodore Parker, in the last number of the Massachusetts Quarterly Review, has an article on 'The Writings of R. W. Emerson,' from which we copy the following paragraphs:

"His position is a striking one. Eminent in a child of Christianity and of the American idea, he is out of the Church and out of the State. In the midst of Calvinistic and Unitarian superstition, he does not fear God, but loves and trusts him. He does not worship the idols of our time—Wealth and Respectability, the two calves set up by our modern Jeroboam. He fears not the damnation these idols have the power to inflict—neither poverty nor social disgrace. In busy and bustling New England comes out this man, serene and beautiful as a star, and shining like a good deed in a naughty world! Re-proached as an idler, he is active as the sun, and pours out his radiant truth on Lyceums at Chelmsford, at Waltham, at Lowell, and all over the land. Out of a cold Unitarian Church rises this most lovely light. Here is Boston, perhaps the most humane city in America, with its few noble men and women, its beautiful charities, its material vigor, and its hardy enterprise; commercial Boston, where honor is weighed in the public scales, and justice reckoned by the dollars it brings; conservative Boston, the grave of the Revolution, wallowing in its wealth, yet groveling for money, seeking only money, careless of showing the spirit of religious inquiry among them, or our fish-vendors send us the cheering intelligence that his degraded Roman Catholic countrymen are beginning to think and act for themselves—facts whereat all prayerful observers of the movements of Providence must rejoice—this man finds in such articles no religion!"

As to cheap postage, he tells us that it has no more to do with religion than "cheap potatoes." Be it so. And if Ireland were starving, and we could see a mode of supplying her dying millions with "cheap potatoes," we should not hesitate to point it out, and to urge it by every consideration of humanity and religion, though some devout speculator in potatoes and bread-stuffs might have his pity shocked at the recommendation of anything but Bibles for a starving people by a "religious" newspaper.

The subject of health-reform this critic thinks belongs to the Tribune. We are glad that the Tribune has discussed that subject so ably, and hope that its weighty appeals will be heeded. But when we attempt to enlighten Christians who live in comfort, seeking and worshiping in stately churches, with respect to the actual condition of the poor around them; when we tell them of their immediate neighborhood thousands of their fellow-beings are rotting in destitution and filth, and that perhaps the very tenements from whose windows rents their own purses are filled are the nurseries of pestilence and death—we are piously admonished that the improvement of the condition of the poor is no part of religion, but should be left to some modern school of social reformers.

We blush to think that Christianity is so misunderstood and so misrepresented by one who seems to boast uncommon zeal for religion. Probably, if he should write an article on the importance of distributing Bibles and tracts among the wretched, filthy poor, our correspondent would give the Independent some credit for piety; but to exhibit squalor, filth, wretchedness, starvation, disease, as they really exist, with a view to arouse the Christian public to some thorough and permanent measures of relief, this is no part of the functions of a religious newspaper!

Our correspondent may not think this a very religious article; but if he will "read, mark and inwardly digest" it, it cannot fail to prove to him a means of grace even upon the Sabbath.—N. Y. Independent.

Good Advice.—If you wish oaks, plant acorns; if you wish a fortune, plant dollars; but if you prefer happiness, sow the seeds of virtue, and "cultivate" them with charity.

He that answerseth a matter before he heareth it, is a folly and a shame unto him.—Solomon.

nation; but there is none whose words so sink into the mind and heart of young men and minds: none who work so powerfully to fashion the character of the coming age."

Guzzlers of Bad Novels.

There are many novels which have no character at all, and many, also, that may be classed with them, though indistinct for their immorality, which are read by persons who are themselves without character, or capacity for anything but the intense idleness of reading them—persons who devour tales as they talk gossip, stare at processions, and attend church, just to enjoy some keener consciousness of life than their own. Euphuism and consciousness can afford them. I have known girls to read bad novels by the hundred, which they heard sermons by the hundred—without catching or retaining one idea from either, except some girlish interest in the particular hero of the story and the hero of the pulpits, which happened to strike their fancy. Veterans and children crumpled sweetmeats, finishing off a volume at a single sitting, and repeating the least about six times every week. In twenty years, I have not detected in one of a dozen of those greedy guzzlers of fiction a thought or turn of expression gained from the best of the stories which they had been wasting their lives upon. Their goggle and gabbled had caught no elevation of tone or worth of meaning from all the thought and passion through which they had been whirling their giddy fancies. They had managed both to miss the advantages and escape the risk of taking in much of anything good or evil, by always reading in the spasms of hysterical paroxysms, which made up of dust, rush, and a little zest of alarm, whirling landscapes, a collection of strange facts, an occasional shriek or loud laugh, giddiness, fatigue, and finally the whole is dumped down at a regular depot, just as everybody expected when they took their tickets for the trip. It is amazing how these people can fend off thought so successfully as they do. A girl naturally clever enough, who has read all Walter Scott's novels in this fashion, knew there was a seri and a jester in England in Ivanhoe's time, but when asked about the feudal system, answered, that she "never bothered her head about politics."

Another "didn't think Richard the Third, as Booth plays him, exactly like Richard Coeur Lion." This is very deplorable; for the girls are not natural idiots, nor anything like it. They were only novel readers, and nothing else.—Dr. Eider.

A Religious Newspaper.

An over-scrupulous correspondent is scandalized at the publication of any articles in a religious newspaper which are not of a strictly religious character, or which cannot be classified under the head either of devotional, experimental or practical piety. Of a religion which grasps the whole interests of humanity and seeks to pervade them with its spirit and mould them to itself, he knows nothing. For example, if our English correspondent prepares an elaborate and timely article on the present state of the Jews, showing the spirit of religious inquiry among them, or our fish-vendors send us the cheering intelligence that his degraded Roman Catholic countrymen are beginning to think and act for themselves—facts whereat all prayerful observers of the movements of Providence must rejoice—this man finds in such articles no religion!"

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